

HALL-MACK CO.

PUBLISHERS

1020 ARCH STREET

PHILADELPHIA.

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SONGS

OF



GRACE AND TRUTH.

FOR USE IN RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

EDITED BY

REV. E. L. HYDE.

HALL-MACK CO., PUBLISHERS,

1020 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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January, 1899.

SCP 3(2-)

HALL-MACK CO.

GREETING.

WING to the large sale of "Soul Refreshing Songs," and the demand for another book of similar character, we send out "Songs of Grace and Truth," with the prayer that through its sweet songs many souls may be led to a pardoning and cleansing Saviour.

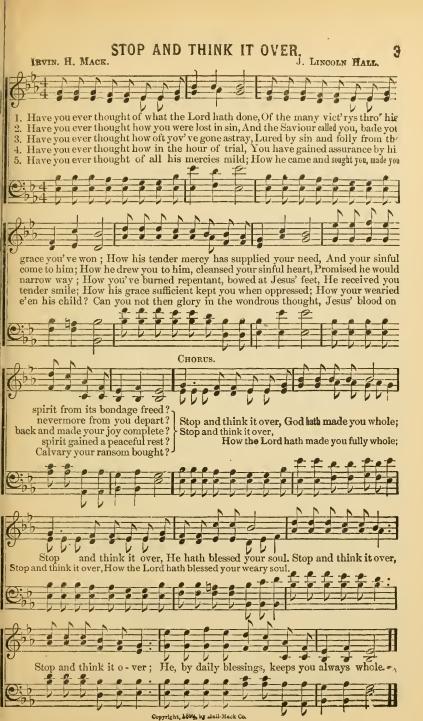
Yours for souls,

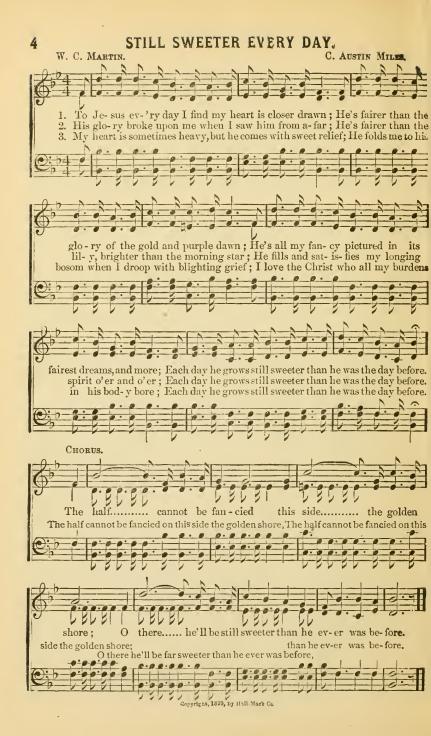
E. L. HYDE.

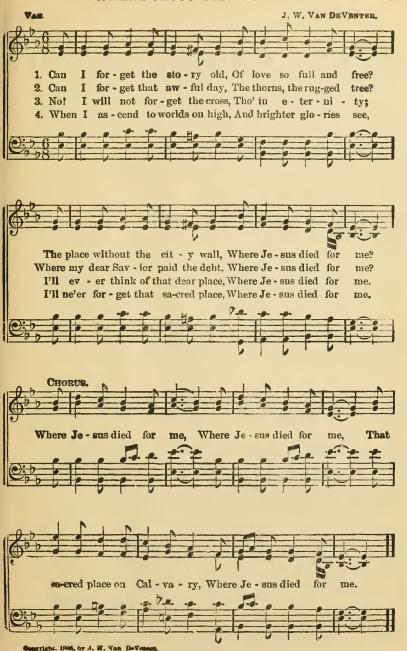
West Conshohocken, Pa.

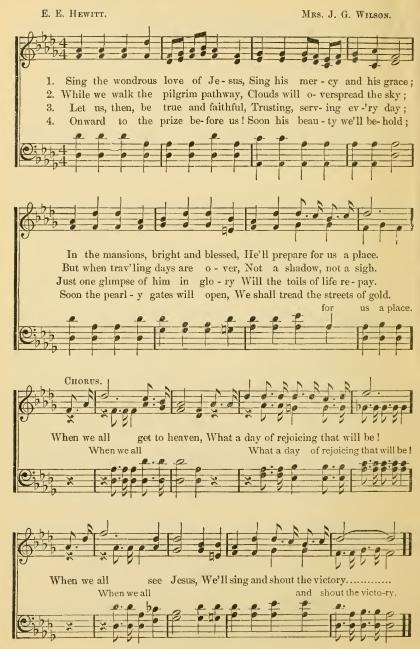


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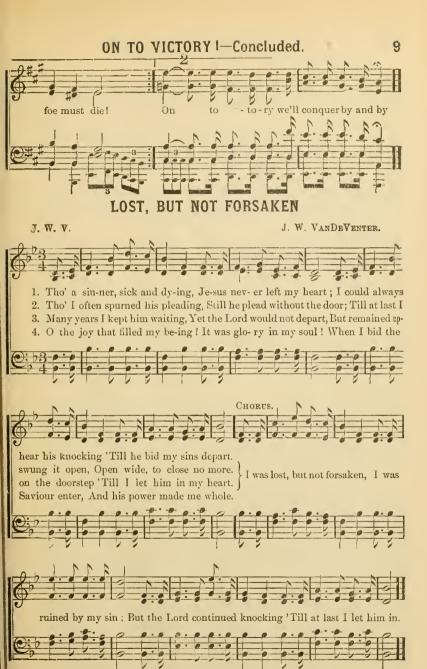
MY HEART IS BURNING WITH HIS LOVE.



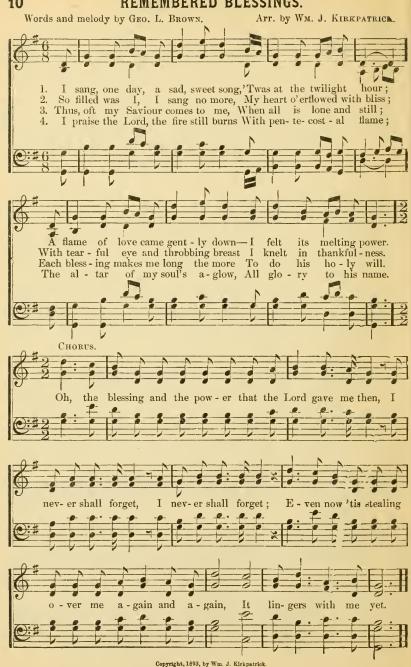
ON TO VICTORY!

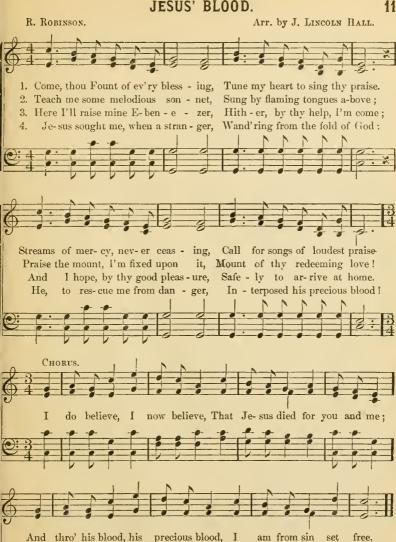
Dedicated to Rev. B. C. Lippincett, D. D.





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Arr. Copyright, 1899, by Hall-Mack Co.

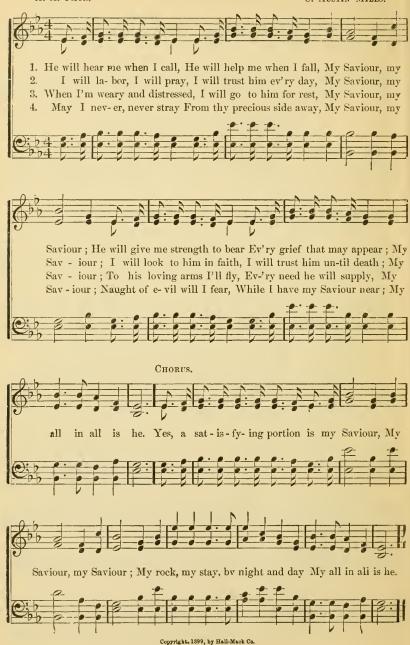
- 5 O! to grace how great a debtor, Daily I'm constrained to be! Let thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love: Here's my heart, O take and seal it! Seal it for thy courts above.





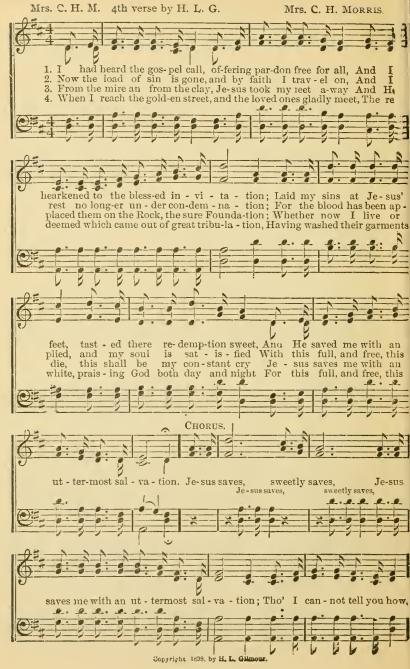
A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.





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JOHN iii: 16.

J. MANTON SMITH.

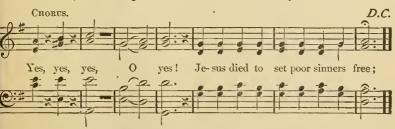
W. H. HARPER.

17





- ev - er', it; That big word "who - so just means show me.



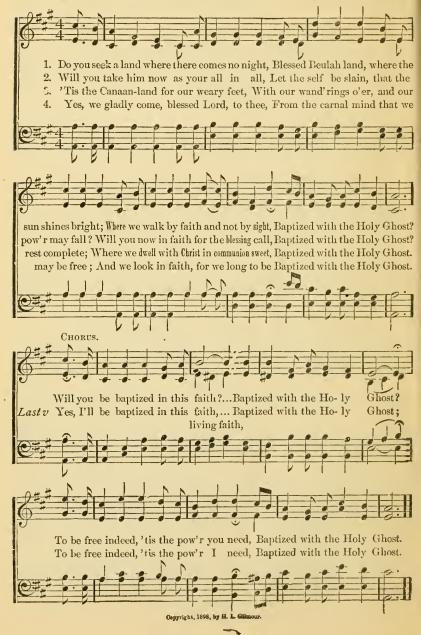
2 So now I'll try to please him, My life I'll give to serve him, His true and faithful servant I will be: And when called home to glory,

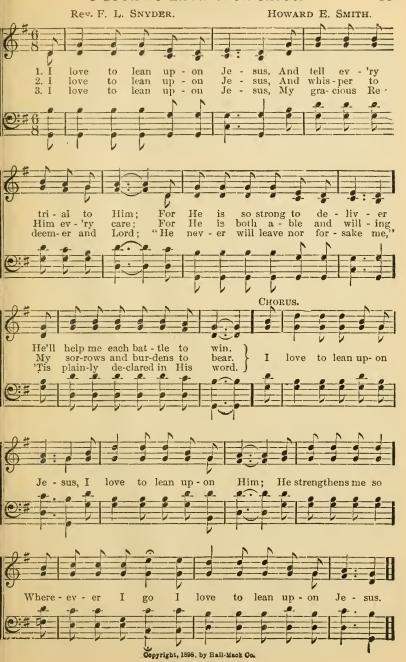
I'll sing the good old story, That Jesus died for sinners just like me. Used by permission.

- 3 Then, brother, won't you love him? And, sister, won't you trust him?
- I know he died for you as well as me: We need our sins forgiven, That we may go to heaven,

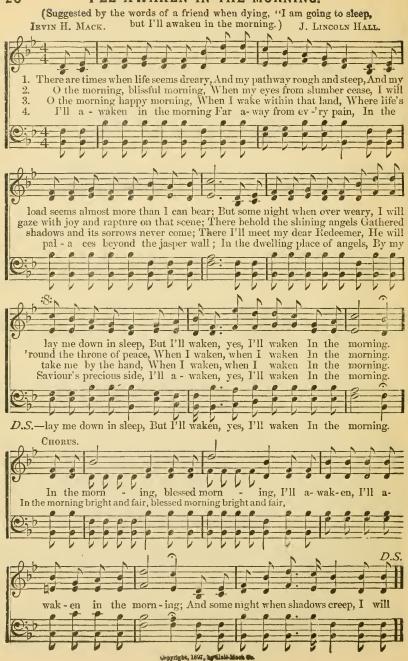
To live with Christ, who died for you and

(Suggested by the late Dr. Wm. Swindells' sermon, preached at Mountain C. H. M. Lake Park Camp Meeting, July 1896.) Mrs. C. H. Morris.

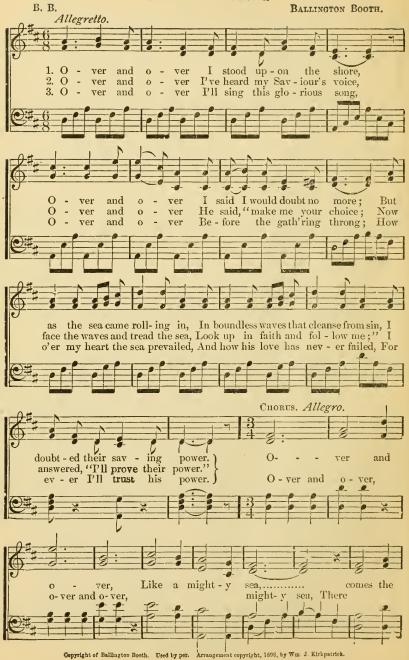


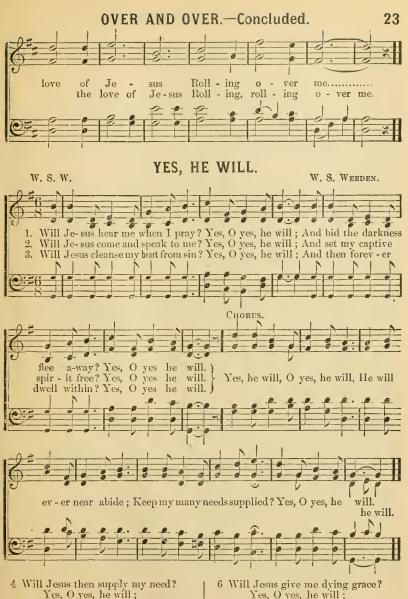


I'LL AWAKEN IN THE MORNING.





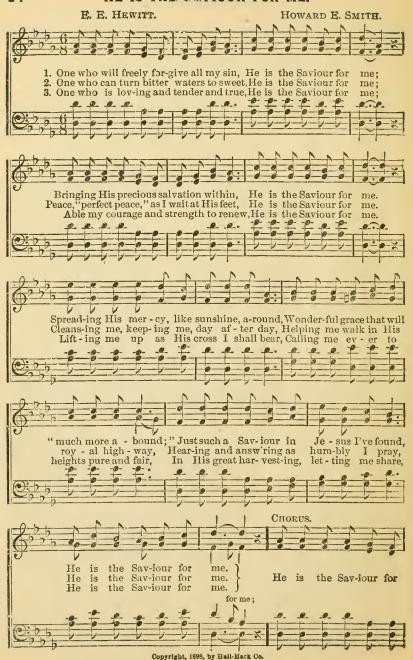




- My soul with heav'nly manna feed?
 Yes, O yes, he will.

 Will Joses fill me with his power?
- Will Jesus fill me with his power?
 Yes, O yes, he will;
 When I approach the dying hour?
 Yes, O yes, he will.
- 6 Will Jesus give me dying grace?
 Yes, O yes, he will;
 Permit me then to see his face?
 Yes, O yes, he will.
- 7 Will Jesus lead me up the way? Yes, O yes, he will; Throughout the land of endless day? Yes, O yes, he will.

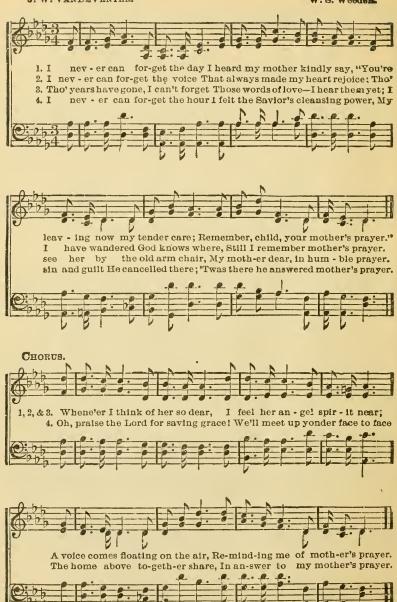
HE IS THE SAVIOUR FOR ME.





J. W. VANDEVENTER.

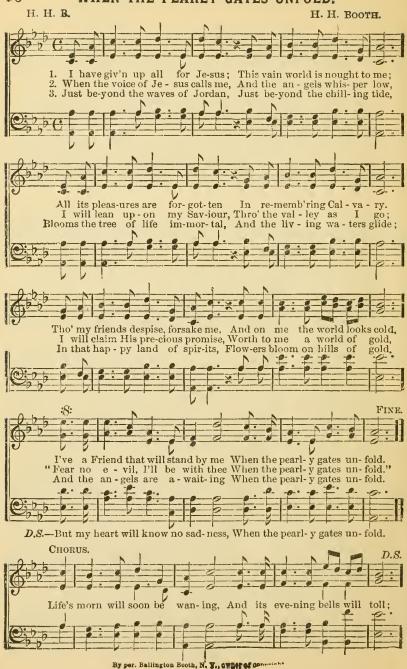
W. S. Weeden

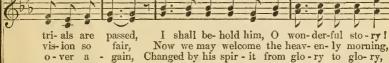


Mrs. C. II. MORRIS.



Contright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour





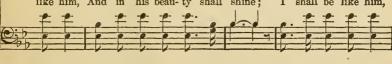
o-ver a - gain, Changed by his spir - it from glo-ry to glo-ry,



Now we his im-age may bear. I shall be like him, I shall be sat - is - fied then.



like him, And in his beau-ty shall shine; I shall be like him,

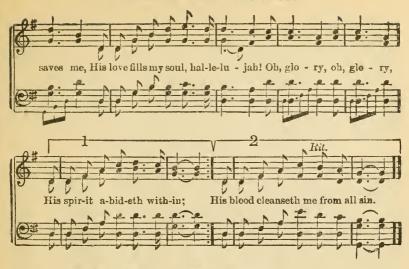


won-drous-ly like him, Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine.

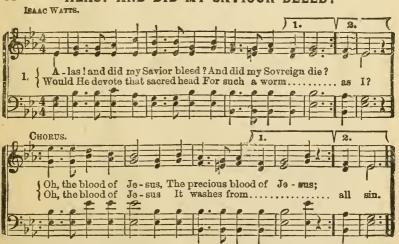




HE SAVES ME. - Concluded.



31 ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?



- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died, For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 The all that I can do,

LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

SOLO OR DUET.





LORD, I'M COMING HOME.



 My only hope, my only plea, Now I'm coming home,
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord. I'm coming home. 6 I need His cleansing blood I know, Now I'm coming home; O, wash me whiter than the snow, Lord, I'm coming home.

Copyright. 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



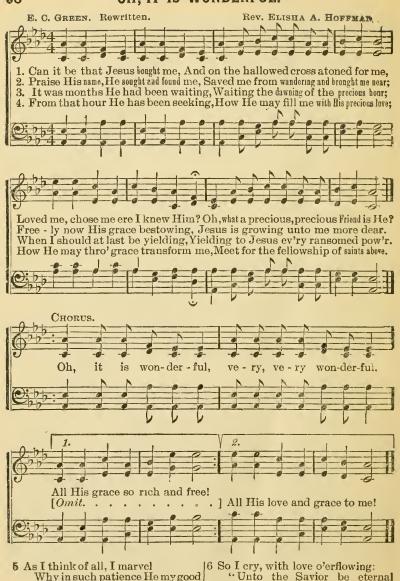
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED, Etc.—Concluded.





- 3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The invitation is to all:
- 4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.
- 5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye restless wanderers after rest;
- 6 Ye yoor, and maimed, and halt, and blind In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 7 My message as from God receive; Ye all may come to Christ and live:
- 8 O let this love your hearts constrain, Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 9 See him set forth before your eyes, That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
- 10 His offered benefits embrace, And freely now be saved by grace.



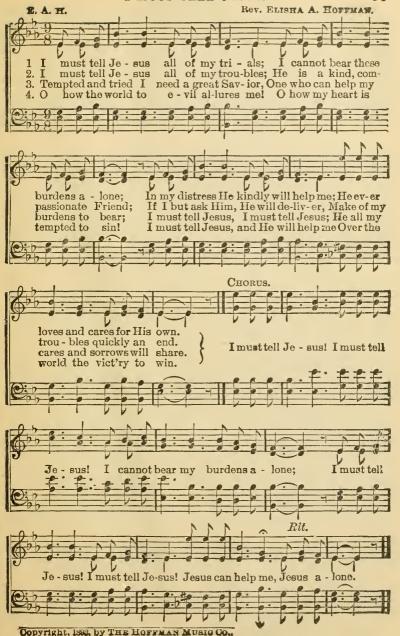


has sought, And bestowed His grace upon me,

And in my spirit such a change has wrought.

Unto the Savior be eternal praise,"

Who redeemed me, soul and body, Filling with gladness all my earthly days.

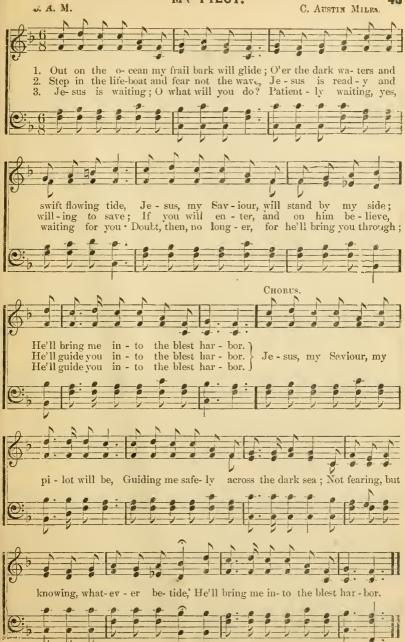




I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.







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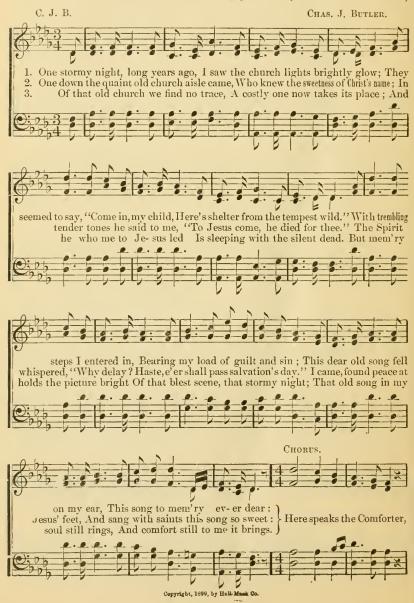
FOR YOU AND FOR ME. WILL. L. THOMPSON W. L. T. Very slow. calling,-Calling for you and for Soft -ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading,—Pleading for you and for Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,—Passing from you and from O, for the wonder-ful love he has promised,—Promised for you and for por - tals he's wait - ing and on the watching,me. Why should we lin - ger and heed not his me? mercies, me. Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death-beds are com - ing,me. Though we have sinned he has mer - cy and par - don,-REFRAIN. Watching for you and for me. Come home,... come home,.... Mercies for you and for me? Come home, come home and for Com-ing for you me. Par-don for you and for me. Ye who are wea-ry, come home;... Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly Je - sus call - ing, - Call- ing, 0 home! sin - ner, come

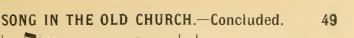
Copyright, 1880, by Will. L. Thempson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohie. Used by permit





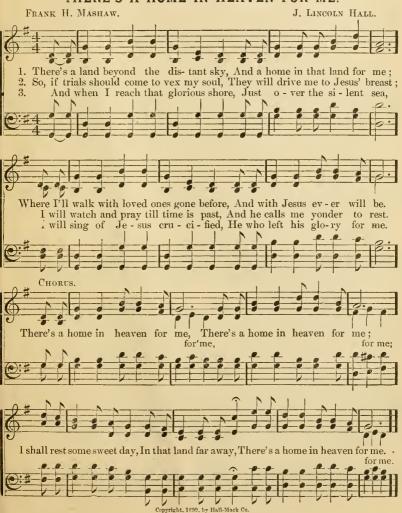
(One stormy night, when a lad, just after they had carried mother to the old churchyard and laid her beside the dust of father, I entered an old church and sat back near the door, conscious of the fact that I was a sinner and needed Jesus. A man of God came down the aisle and tenderly invited me to come to Christ. I came, found pardon, and that was the turning point in my life.—Chas. J. Butler.)

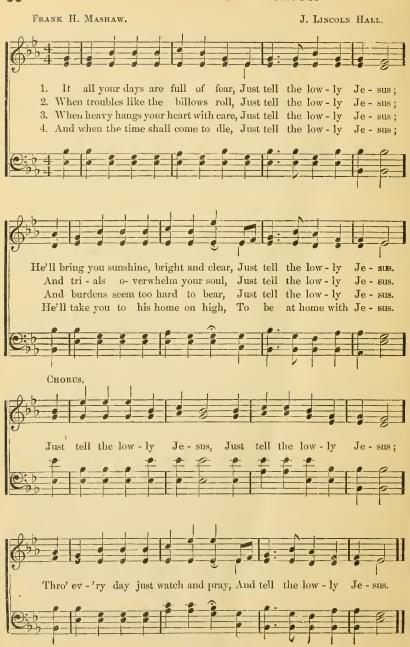






THERE'S A HOME IN HEAVEN FOR ME.



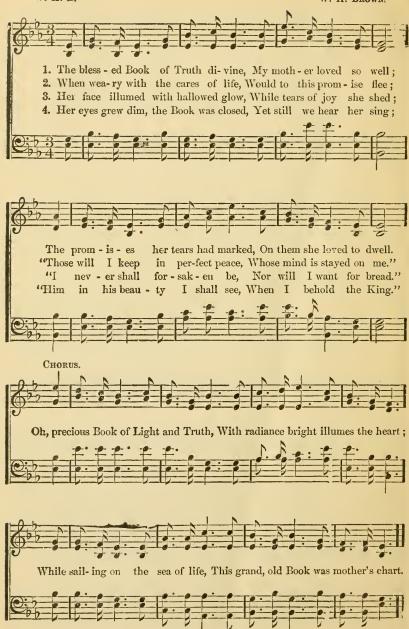


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W. H. B.

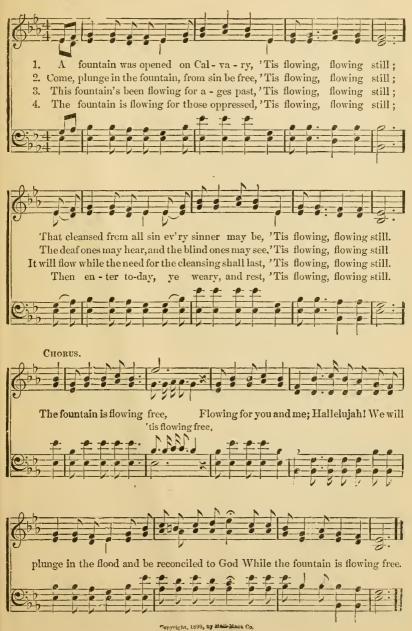
W. H. BROWN.



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C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.



THE INNER CIRCLE.

Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the Union Meetings at Mount Vernon in November 1898.

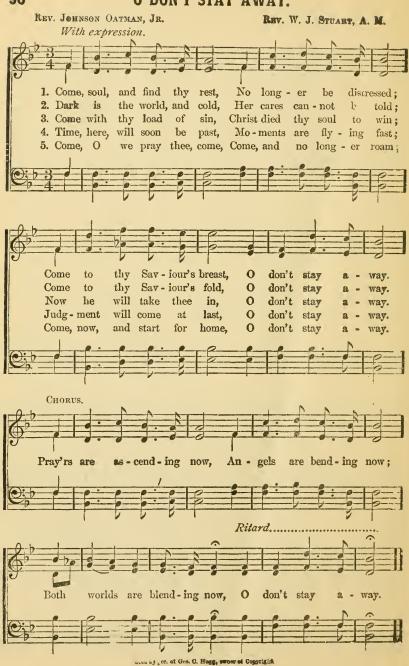
FLORA KIRKLAND.

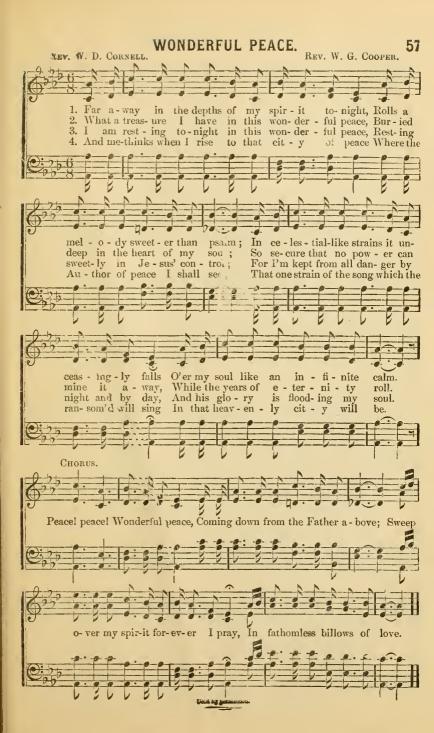
W. S. WEEDEN

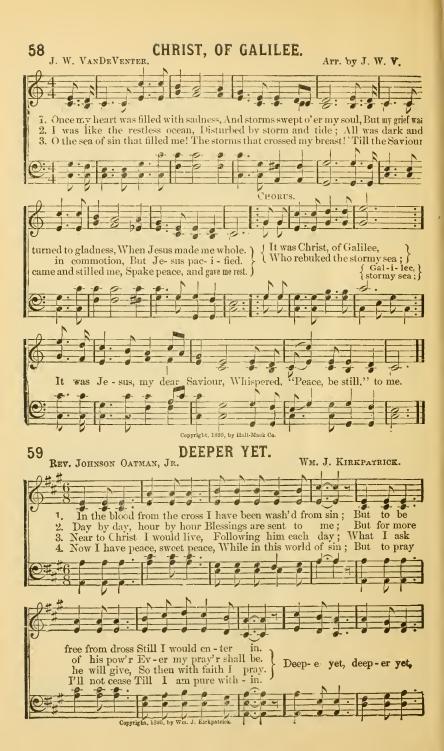


AND THAT IS WHY I LOVE JESUS.

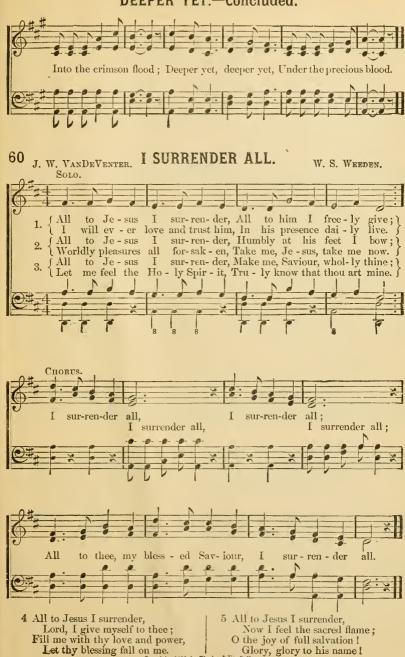
FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL. 1. He came down from heaven for you and for me; He paid all my debt 2. He found me a wand'rer a-way from the fold, Far out on the hills all 3. He gives me sweet songs in the stillness of night; He hides me secure from 4. He says in his Word that his people shall stand For-ev-ermore safe on Cal - va - ry's tree; And now his blest Spir - it hath spok- en bar - ren and cold; He entered my heart and my sins from me rolled, storms that af-fright; He sheds'round my pathway a vis-ion of light, heav'n's golden strand; And I shall be one of that glo - ri - fied band, CHORUS. I love Je And that I love Je - sus; He purchased my Cal-va-ry's tree, And that is why I love Je-sus.





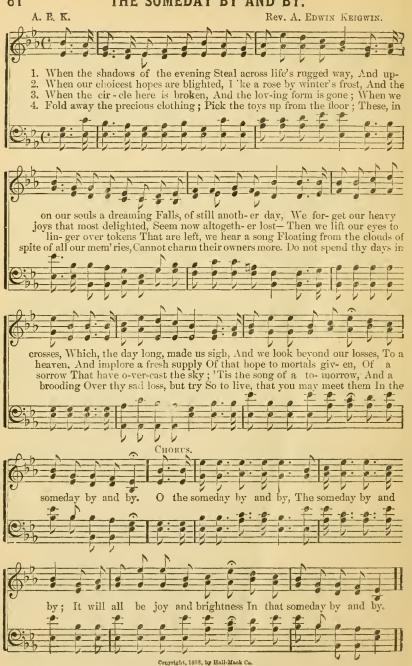


DEEPER YET.—Concluded.



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THE SOMEDAY BY AND BY.



J. W. V. J. W. VANDEVENTER. 1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the risen dead; 2. I'll then receive a bright and star-ry crown, As on - ly God can give; 3. Then we shall meet to never part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er; The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read. And when I've been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live. We'll lay our burdens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for-ev - er more. CHORUS. I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood; an-swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus blood.

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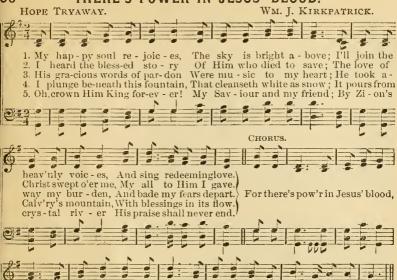
Com. Ballington Booth Arr. by W. J K.







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Je-sus' blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.

THE SINNER INVITED." 67 6s, 7s. Arr. by Rev. W. H. McDonald. W. H. M., by per.

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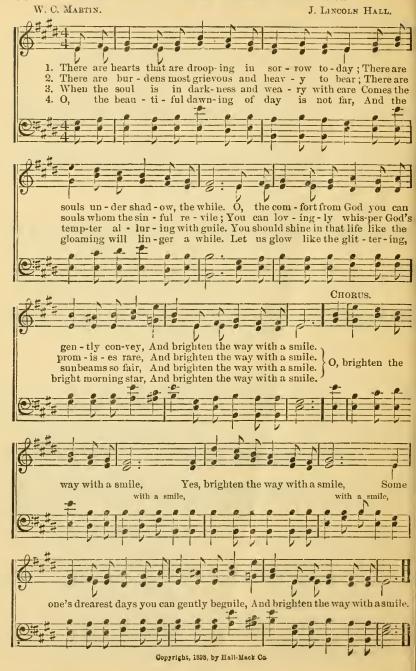
SINNER, come, will you go To the highlands of heaven? Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's given: Where the bright, blooming flow'rs Are their odors emitting, And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breezes are flitting.

Pow'r in

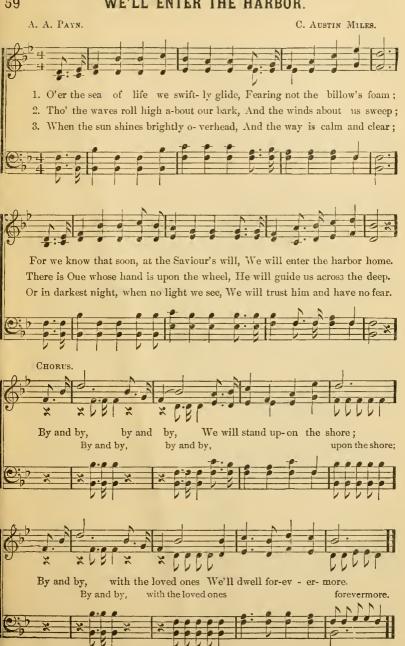
2 Where the saints robed in white— Cleansed in life's flowing fountain, Shining beauteous and bright, They inhabit the mountain;

Where no sin, nor dismay, Neither trouble, nor sorrow, Will be felt for a day, Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home-Sinner, canst thou believe it? And invites thee to come— Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come! For the tide is receding. And the Saviour will soon And forever cease pleading.

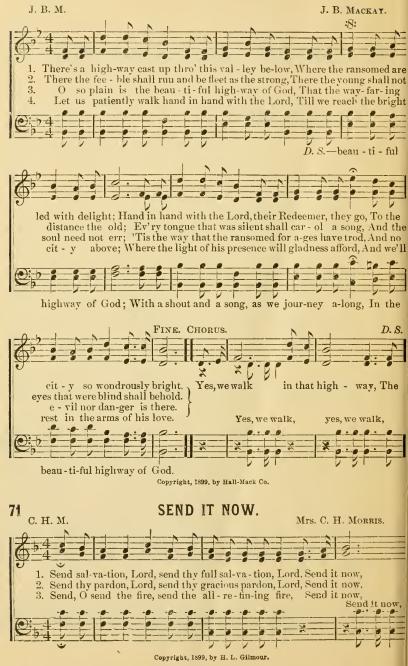


WE'LL ENTER THE HARBOR.

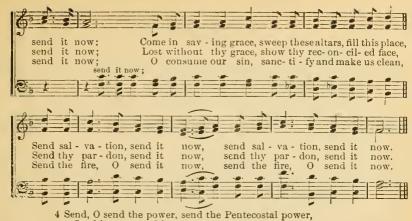


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THE BEAUTIFUL HIGHWAY OF GOD.



SEND IT NOW.—Concluded.



Send it now, send it now;

Blessed Holy Ghost, breathe upon this waiting host, Send the power, O send it now, send the power, O send it now.

5 For he comes, he comes, lo, the blessed Spirit comes, Fills me now, fills me now;

Fully saved I am, glory, glory to the Lamb, For he comes and fills me now, for he comes and fills me now.





E. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

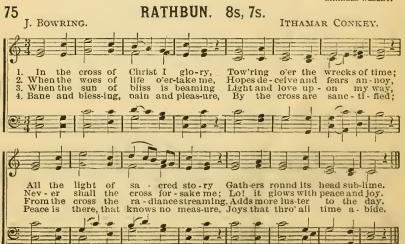


74

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin, He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood avail'd for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.



H. G. NAGELI.



77 BLEST BE THE TIE. S. M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The followship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares,
- 3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

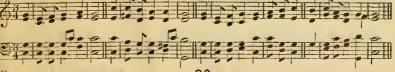
78 A CHARGE TO KEEP. S. M.

- A change to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dylng soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray, And on thyself rely, Assured, if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.

CHAS. WRSLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



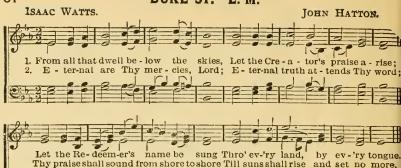
74 AND CAN I YET DELAY. S. M.

- 1 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more: I slnk, by dying love compelled, And own Thee conqueror!
- 3 Though late, I all forsake; My friends, my all resign: Gracious Redeemer, take, O take, And seal me ever Thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole, Nor hence again remove: Settle and fix my wav'ring soul With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

80 EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE. S. M.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong; Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign, And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul— Eternal life and light Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl, And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost;—but call, Call to the strong, the free; Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost;—but pray, Pray to our God above, To break the fell destroyer's sway, And show His saving love.



82

Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet To pay their homage at His feet; While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.

- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown His head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms, of every tongue, Dwell on Hls love with sweetest song, And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.

 ISAAC WATTS.

183

Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sorrow meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.



84

LORD, I AM THINE. L. M.

- 1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine; With full consent Thine would I be, And own Thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die, Be Thine through all eternity; The vow is past, beyond repeal, Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my gullty soul for God, Thee, my new Master, now I call, And consecrate to Thee my all.
- 4 Do Thou assist a feeble worm The great engagement to perform; Thy grace can full assistance lend, And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

⊣85

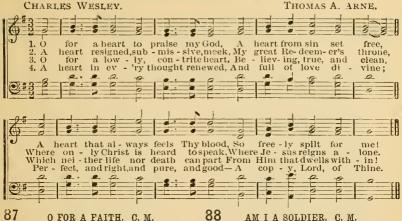
Not Ashamed of Jesus, L. M.

2 Jesus! and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star: He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon: 'Tls midnight with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heaven depend? No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name. JOSEPH GRIGG.



- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
- Of any earthly woe! 2 That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chastening rod,
- But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean upon its God; 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this; And then, whate'er may come, We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

88 AM I A SOLDIER.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross. A foll'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord:
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



90

89 FOREVER HERE MY REST. C. M.

- I Forever here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side; This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make methus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art; Wash me, but not my feet alone, My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply, Till faith to sight improve; Till hope in full fruition die, And all my soul be love.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

In a believer's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

THE DEAREST NAME, C. M.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Nan. the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding-place; My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savlour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King: My Lord, my Life, my Way. my End, Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

CHARLES WESLEY.

NETTLETON. 8s. 7s.



91 COME THOU FOUNT.

- 1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach mesome melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above: Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer. Hither, by Thy help, I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me, when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God: He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood!
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor, Daily I'm constrained to be!

 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,

 Bind my wand ring heart to Thee!

 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,

 Prone to leave the God I love: Here's my heart, O take and seal it! Seal it for Thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

92 WHAT A FRIEND.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer!
 O what peace we often forfelt.
 - O what needless pain we bear-All because we do not carry Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faithful. Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?

Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He'll take and shield Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s.



93

COME, YE SINNERS.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you. Full of pity, love, and power:

He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify; True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream; All the fitness he requireth Is to feel your need of Him: This He gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall; If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all; Not the righteous, Sinners, Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART.

94 THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, now, the crystal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

 Lead me all my journey through:

 Strong Deliv'rer,

Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside; Bear me through the swelling current: Land me safe on Canaan's slde: Songs of praises.

1 will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

95 STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal banner, It must not suffer loss; From victory unto victory His army shall He lead, Till every foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Ylur courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

93 JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down; Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, 1 come!

97

WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the days grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun,
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

98 HE LEADETH ME.

He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought, Oh, words, with heavenly comfort frought; What'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea— Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur nor repine— Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jordan leadeth me,

99 ARISE, MY SOUL.

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive Him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner dic."

My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear
He owns me for his child.
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

100 AT THE CROSS.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as 1?

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

Was it for crimes that I have done. He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity, grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died, For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give myself away— 'Tis all that I can do.

2D CHORUS.

Help me, dear Savionr, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

101 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy

eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in

the sheaves CHORUS. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the

sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves:

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows.

Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor

ended;

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

102 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.

Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!

What more can He say, than to you He hath said,

To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,

For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid:

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy trials to bless.

And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie.

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,

The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design,

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

103 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

I love to tell the Story, Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His glory,

Of Jesus and His love! I love to tell the Story!

Because I know it's true: It satisfies my longings As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story! 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the Old, Old Story Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the Story! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the Story! It did so much for me!

And that is just the reason, I tell it now to thee.

104 I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Coming now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

All hail, atoning blood! All hail, redeeming grace! All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness!

105 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls we from a world of care

That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known! In seasons of distress and grief My soul has often found relief, And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

106

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thon my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

107 PRECIOUS PROMISE.

Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passers by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine eye; On the way from earth to heaven, I will guide thee with Mine eye.

When temptations almost win thee, And thy trusted watchers fly. Let this promise ring within thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When the secret hopes have perished. In the grave of years gone by. Let this promise still be cherished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye"

When the shades of life are falling, And the hour has come to dic. Hear thy trusty Pilot calling, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

108 JESUS, THINE ALL.

Jesus, Thine all-victorious love Shed in my heart abroad; Then shall my feet no longer rove, Rooted and fixed in God.

O that in me the sacred fire Might now begin to glow, Burn up the dross of base desire. And make the mountains flow!

O that it now from heaven might fall And all my sins consume! Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call; Spirit of burning, come!

Refining fire, go through my heart: Illuminate my soul; Scatter thy life through every part And sanctify the whole.

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